

For the Children

MAMMA'S HELP.

"Yes, Bridget has gone to the city,
And papa is sick, as you see,
And mamma has no one to help her
But two-year-old Laurence and me.

"You'd like to know what I am good for,
'Cept to make work and tumble things down?
I guess there aren't no little girlies
At your house at home, Doctor Brown.

"I've brushed all the crumbs from the table,
And dusted the sofa and chairs,
I've polished the hearth-stone and fender,
And swept off the area stairs.

"I've wiped all the silver and china,
And just dropped one piece on the floor;
Yes, Doctor, it broke in the middle,
But I 'spect it was cracked before.

"And the steps that I save precious mamma!
You'd be s'prised, Doctor Brown, if you knew;
She says if it wasn't for Bessie
She couldn't exist the day through!

"It's 'Bessie, bring papa some water.'
And 'Bessie, dear, run to the door!'
And 'Bessie, love, pick up the playthings
The baby has dropped on the floor!'

"Yes, Doctor, I'm 'siderably tired,
I've been on my feet all the day;
Good-bye! well, perhaps I will help you
When your old Bridget goes off to stay!"

—Good Cheer.

GRUMBLE-BOY AND SMILEY-BOY.

In the Jones house there were two small boys, Johnnie Grumble-boy and Johnny Smiley-boy, but no one ever saw both at once. At first, they hardly realized, this little boy's father and mother and Aunt Emma, that there were two boys; but when one morning a little chap came down to breakfast with a big frown on his face, and blue eyes that were so cross that they looked nearly black, and when pleasant remarks from the family had no effect in making the boy look pleasant, they were obliged to make up their minds that a strange little boy had come to take the place of their pet. So they treated him with all the ceremony necessary with a stranger, and pretty soon he found himself feeling strange and queer.

But he wouldn't tell any one that he felt strange. Not a bit of it. He was not that kind of a boy. When he came down feeling that way, why, everything was wrong. The oatmeal was too salty, the milk didn't taste right, and the egg was boiled too hard. And he just didn't want to wear his old cap to kindergarten. It wasn't comfortable at all.

This sort of thing went on for some time, until Aunt Emma made up her mind that some remedy must be thought out. The mornings when Smiley Johnny came down there was the happiest little boy around the house all day, and home was a very different place

from what it was on Grumble-boy's days.

So auntie thought and thought, and one day when Johnny came down, and it was the Grumble-boy Johnny who climbed up to the seat beside father, he found a great change in the atmosphere of the family table. Usually when he came down looking frowning and sour, and complained about everything, the kind members of the family tried to persuade him by cheerfulness that things were not so far wrong as he thought them. But today it was different.

"This hominy is too hot," piped a small voice.

"It is entirely too hot," Aunt Emma agreed sulkily.

"Mine's burning my mouth," mother said sadly.

"Mine's simply scalding," growled father.

Grumble-boy looked up surprised, and for five minutes there wasn't a word said.

"My egg's too hard," growled Grumble-boy before he thought, just because he was in the habit of saying it when he felt cross.

"So's mine," wailed auntie.

"And mine," sobbed mother.

"Mine's like a rock, it's so hard," growled father.

Grumble-boy could hardly keep from smiling, it was all so like the good old story of Silverlocks and The Three Bears, but he'd come downstairs feeling cross, and it was his habit to stay cross.

And then the finish came when some lovely hot griddle-cakes were brought on. Grumble-boy wanted to complain just because he felt like it, so after he'd poured maple-syrup over his cake he touched it with his fork and grumbled:

"These cakes are tough."

"I can hardly cut mine," wailed mother in a tearful voice.

Father started to cut his just then, and so did all the others, and at the same time father growled:

"Shame to send such tough cakes to the table," and the cakes simply fell apart on their forks, and everybody burst into a roar of laughter.

After that, when by chance the Grumble-boy appeared at breakfast, it was enough for auntie to say:

"Johnny, are your cakes tough this morning?" to break the clouds and bring back sunshine.—The Examiner.

MOLLY'S SHARE.

By Hilda Richmond.

"Why don't you eat your apple?" asked Marjorie, as she trudged home with Molly from the store. Their cheeks were red with the cold wind—just the color of the big red apples Mr. Luke had given them when they bought the things their mammas wanted. "I'm eating mine."

"I'm taking mine home to divide," said Molly. "Ruth and Tommy and Baby would feel so disappointed if I told them about the nice apple, and didn't share with them. Sometimes we all make mamma take a bite, but often she's too busy. It's lots of fun."

"I wouldn't think it was lots of fun if I had to divide," said Marjorie. "I always have everything by myself."

Molly didn't say anything, but she did not bite into